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ANECDOTES ABOUT THE LATE KING.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra won the hearts of the British people long before His Majesty was called to ascend the throne of his fathers. As Prince and Princess of Wales they were probably the best beloved couple in the land. Old and young delighted to do them honor, and every one of their fellow-subjects of Queen Victoria loved them because they showed so much human sympathy with their fellow-men, and so quick a perception of how to do the best thing at the proper time.

Collided With the King.
A gentleman was walking quickly down Pall Mall one evening when suddenly a private brougham stopped immediately in front of him, and a rather stout gentleman alighted hurriedly, but, unfortunately, in doing so trod heavily on the tenderly cherished corn of the pedestrian. An interjection quite equal to the occasion, though far more forcible than strictly polite, escaped the sufferer. Judge, however, his horror on looking up into the face of His Majesty the King, who said, however, in his usual cordial manner: "Pardon me, the fault was entirely mine."

The King Didn't Know.
His Majesty, who was staying as a guest at a certain country mansion a few months ago, entered the village school one morning quite unexpectedly, and in his usual pleasant way asked the children a few questions. "Now, my young friends," said King

Edward, cheerfully, "I daresay some of you can tell me the names of a few of our greatest Kings and Queens, eh?"

With one accord they cried out: "King Alfred and Queen Victoria, sir!" Just then a tiny slip of a boy, to whom the school-master had whispered something, stood up and raised his hand.

"Do you know another, my boys?" asked the King.

"Yes, your Majesty—King Edward VII."

His Majesty laughed, and again asked: "What great act has King Edward VII. done, pray?"

The boy lowered his head, and stammered out: "I don't know, your Majesty."

"Don't be distressed, my lad," said our gracious King, smiling. "I don't know either."

He Knew What Was Wrong.

King Edward not long ago showed his practical turn of mind during an adventure with an automobile. When he paid his recent visit to Germany he was particularly enthusiastic about motoring. One day he was driving with a gentleman through one of the forests near Wiesbaden, when the automobile ran out of water. Of necessity a stoppage occurred, and for want of a convenient Water Company, the boiler was filled from a wayside spring.

The King and his companion started again, and all went well for a while. Then, for some unaccountable reason, the motor stopped again. An inspection

was made, and the King's companion, who is an expert in such matters, went to work in technical exploring fashion. The King stood rendering assistance when he could. But everything seemed right. No bolts were loose, no nuts missing, and not a lever jammed.

"That's very funny, your Majesty," the King agreed, and pondered a moment. Then he smiled.

"I wonder," he suggested, in tentative fashion, "if that water we took in has anything to do with it? You know these German waters generally have some sort of mineral properties in them. The boiling may cause crystallization and so choke the piston."

The piston rod was immediately inspected, and sure enough, it was so crusted that for all driving purposes it might as well have been heavily coated with rust.

Sandpaper was used, some undiluted water found, and the journey was continued.

The King at a Fire.

Once only has King Edward been in a fire. This was when an alarming blaze broke out in Marlborough House, just after the birth of his second son. The Princess of Wales, with her two boys, having been taken to a place of safety, the future King, minus coat and waistcoat, put himself at the head of the servants and set to work to check the flames. He himself helped to tear up a nursery floor to get at the mischief, and when two members of the fire brigade gained admittance they had the gratification of being re-

ceived by a very grimy, smoky prince in his shirt sleeves.

The King a Good Sleeper.

On it being mentioned to the King (then Prince of Wales) that the Shah of Persia required continual "padding" in order to make him sleep, the Prince said: "Indeed! Why, I often require padding, in order to keep awake; I have slept in some queer places during my lifetime. I have slept in the thick of the jungle, on an elephant's back, in a balloon, in an English bed. Should it interest any one to know, I must say I prefer the bed."

What the Flag Was For.

The following anecdote about the late King will be new to most people. When Prince of Wales he was travelling in the Highlands of Scotland in company one day, and was very anxious that his identity should remain hidden. Imagine his feelings, therefore, on coming to a little township to find an enormous flag flying on the hillside.

Feeling certain that they must have got wind of his arrival, he nevertheless sent an attendant forward to make guarded inquiries. A thin month of protracted correspondence through diplomatic channels.

While the King heard what men of all parties had to say, he was most discreet in keeping a non-partisan attitude. A great nobleman who was since Mr. Page had been a page at much concerned with the trend of the Church of England, urged him very strongly as "Head of the Church" to see me. A few minutes afterwards autographed portrait as a further proof of the King's kindly recollection. When the Marquess of Landsdowne's daughter, Lady Beatrice Fitzmaurice,

Prince of Wales went to a neighboring shop and invested his pocket money in what he considered necessary articles for the destitute children—a cap and an umbrella!

Gambetta was an extremely good judge of men, and he formed a very high opinion of the late King when he met and conversed with him as Prince of Wales. "He shows a decided taste for foreign politics. He knows a lot about them. He is well informed and shrewd, but he has not a keen or subtle mind, and I imagine that he would be no match for sharp Americans or for wily Russians." The King was always very popular in France, and this aided greatly the establishment of that cordial relationship which was a notable fact of his reign. He spoke French quite as well as German—a fact which often served him in dealing with foreign statesmen. Nearly all the leading French politicians were introduced to the King, and he used to have long conversations with M. Clemenceau, M. Delcasse and others. This personal intercourse of ten accomplished more in a few hours than months of protracted correspondence through diplomatic channels.

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my miter," said the King, with a smile at the evangelist's peer.

The same aloofness from controversy governed the King's relations to his ministers. Naturally, he had his personal likes and dislikes for statesmen, but he was remarkably free from prejudice, and followed all questions of the day with an open mind. As soon as a politician looked as if he were destined to greatness the King desired to meet him. In this way some years ago he expressed a wish that Mr. Lloyd George should be at a dinner-party given by Lord Tweedmouth "to meet the King." That was before Mr. Lloyd George had emerged from the comparative privacy of an M. P. into the publicity of a cabinet minister. The King was quick to mark ability in any walk of life, and admired "men who did things." Every night during the session of Parliament, Mr. Lewis Harcourt (who inherits his father's wit and without its brusquerie), wrote succinct accounts of the proceedings.

An instance of the King's remarkable memory is recalled in a little incident at Marlborough. He went into the postoffice to send a telegram. The man behind the counter saluted him. "Why, it is Payne," said the King, and he shook the official cordially by the hand. "About 14 years had passed since Mr. Payne had been a page at Sandringham, but the King had not forgotten him. "Bring your wife to see me," said His Majesty, and when he left the Paynes they received an autographed portrait as a further proof of the King's kindly recollection. When the Marquess of Landsdowne's daughter, Lady Beatrice Fitzmaurice,

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was married, the King arrived at the church a few minutes before the mother of the bride. Afterwards at Landsdowne house he remained, the marchioness, with a smile that she had kept him waiting several years before, when he attended the marriage of Lady Beatrice. Considering the enormous number of social functions the King attended, it was marvellous how exact his memory was for even small details. The power of recollection is of the highest importance to a monarch who has to govern his actions very largely by precedent. When public ceremonies were being arranged, the King was able to criticise the program from a wide experience and clear memory of such proceedings.

FORECASTER OF WEATHER
BUREAU IS DEAD
Washington, D. C., May 14.—Edward B. Garratt, chief forecaster of the United States weather bureau, died suddenly at his home here of acute indigestion. He was a writer and lecturer on meteorological subjects, and was a member of the National Geographical society, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Academy of Sciences. He was 57 years old.

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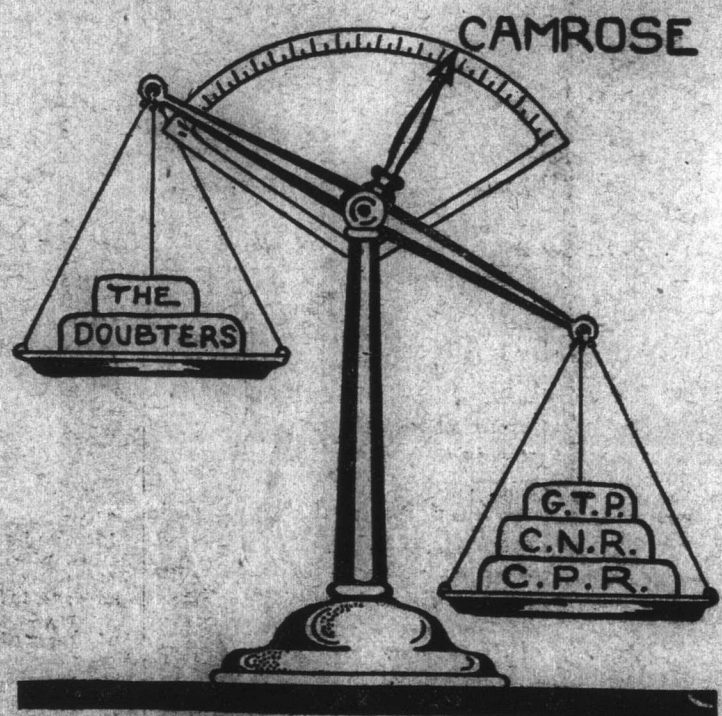
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